

Mud

Whiskey Myers

Oh Lord wont you let me stay in the place where I was born
In the fields Granddaddy tilled and all my seeds are sown
Ain't no love for a poor dirt farmer, genuine son of the south
And the water's high and the bills are too and levy's all torn downDaddy owed the banker man
We were drowning before the flood
And the river washed us all away
Left us right here in the mud, Yeah in the mudWe built this house in Baldwin Mississippi back in 1879
And for a hundred years my family's been here barely scraping by
We just some good old country boys
Just trying to weather the storm
Papa's gonna pay when the interest rates got higher than the cornAin't no man gonna take it away
Six feet down in the flood
Still the crops they don't come alive
And you'll die, right here in the mud, yeah in the mud

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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